The Sun.

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The Extra Session.

If President CLEVELAND has determined to summon Congress to Washington in extraordinary session on or about the 1st of August, we believe that he will have the support and approval of the public generally. The Fifty-third Congress has more important work before it than any Congress which has assembled since the end of the war. Political and financial circumstances alike justify Mr. CLEVELAND in this unusual step.

There are two arguments against the holding of an extra session in the middle of the summer, and only two. Both are trivial in this instance.

The idea that an extra session is sure to bring misfortune to the Administration that calls it, rests on nothing solider than a somewhat vague and wholly childish superstition. Mr. CLEVELAND is not the man to be deterred from the performance of what he regards as his duty by any bugaboo of traditional theory. He knows that an extra session can bring bad luck only in case it brings bad legislation; that an extra session distinguished by wise acts and honest efforts to redeem the Democracy's pledges to the people, can mean only good fortune to him, to his Administration, and to the public.

The other adverse argument is drawn from the thermometer, and it is hardly worth mentioning. Senators and Representatives will experience no greater personal discomfort in Washington in August than they do in July at the end of a long session; scarcely more than they would in September, if the earlier idea of postponing the call until that month should be carried out. Some of the most illustrious achievements of the human intellect, some of the most brilliant deeds of human energy and courage, have been accomplished under the burning skies of midsummer. If the President himself is ready to brave the heats of August for the public good, what Senator or Congressman will not be ashamed to whine, "It is too hot for me"?

No President ever cared less for the barriers of foolish precedent than the Hon. GROVER CLEVELAND does. No President's shoulders ever carried a heavier burden of responsibility. No Congress in recent years has confronted more momentous questions of national policy. Let the great work of the Democracy of 1893, on the platform of 1892, begin in earnest.

The Great Opportunity of John H. Starin's Lifetime.

That picturesque and conspicuous figure of public life, the Hon. JOHN H. STARIN, is of exceptional and immediate interest at the present time in connection with his labors upon the Rapid Transit Commission.

Mayor GRANT appointed Mr. STARIN a member of the Commission in the belief that he was a public-spirited, honest, and intelligent member of the community, to whom could be wisely and safely confided a share in the administering of a great public trust. It never occurred to Mayor GRANT that Mr. STARIN was a man who would convert such a trust to his own personal and selfish ends, or who could betray the public welfare for his individual aggrandizement. In fact, it did not occur to any one that when a great public advantage and benefit was nearly certain of achievement, Mr. STARIN would deliberately choke the enterprise.

It was a most unfortunate appointment and the people of this town regret and resent it. Mayor GRANT was not to blame because neither he nor any one else could have foreseen what has come to pass. The constitution of the Rapid Transit Commission is also unfortunate, since not a majority, but a unanimous vote of its members is essential to a decision. Mr. STARIN's one vote alone, therefore, is competent to defeat the whole work and determination of his fellow Commissioners.

We are aware that all of these considerations are of the greatest weight with Mr. STARIN in impelling him to retain his place upon the Commission; and we suppose almost any man, bent upon protecting his own interests at the expense of the interests of every one else, would take the same view of it. Still we cannot help pointing out to Mr. STARIN, by way of information rather than of exhortation, that the public entertains a somewhat opposite opinion. The public, as a matter of fact, has for some time been reflecting that if Mr. STARIN were to hand in his resignation to the Mayor, as etiquette provides, his Honor would accept it with startling alacrity. Not only that, but he would forthwith appoint some straightforward and dependable citizen to serve in Mr. STARIN's place upon the Commission, whereat there would ensue in this town a most amazing sense of gratitude and relief.

A Revenue Tariff.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Chicago Herald*, talks about "cutting the tariff close down to a revenue basis;" and this is in agreement with the general expression of the free trade reformers. They all assume that when the MCKINLEY bill is repealed, and a tariff for revenue only established, the rates of duty will be very much lower than they have ever been. Yet it is an interesting fact that the Chicago platform does not speak of lower rates, nor is there in it any word which promises such. What it formulates and promises is something much grander and more momentous, namely, the abolition of protection, and the enactment of a tariff for revenue only. This will constitute a revolution beside which a mere reduction of the rates of duty on certain articles, becomes petty and ridiculous.

But what proof is there that a revenue tariff will levy lower duties on the mass of imported goods than are levied by the McKINLEY tariff? None at all. On tea, coffee, and sugar MCKINLEY levies no duties whatever, and the reason why he lets them in free is that he may levy high duties on other articles which he intends to keep out of our country by means of his protectionist impositions. Of course, when these protectionist duties are taken off, revenue imposts must be levied on tea, coffee, and sugar in order to obtain the revenue which MCKINLEY raises by the high and unconstitutional duties that the people have resolved to abolish. Our Chicago friend suggests for this purpose a rate of half a cent a pound on sugar, one cent a pound on coffee, and five cents on tea; but these are merely arbitrary figures, picked up at random, and indicating extreme timidity in the writer rather than a broad and comprehensive grasp of the subject.

It needs no prophet to inform us that under an honest and genuine revenue tariff many articles must be dearer to the consumer than under MCKINLEY's enactment; but the argument is that other articles will be cheaper, and that, on the whole, taking the whole range of the necessaries of life, he will be better off by reason of the total wiping out of the protectionist system. That is a proposition which we have long been familiar with, but have never had an opportunity to test by experience. But now that opportunity is at hand, and we earnestly hope that it will be complete and unqualified, and that no cowardice and no false pretences may be suffered to nullify and defeat the experiment.

Finally, we suggest that there is one sound, just, and efficient principle of legislation which will meet the case, and accomplish in practice the promised economical revolution. It is essentially the same principle as lay at the foundation of the tariff framed by the gallant and far-seeing Col. MORRISON of Illinois, when he was a leader of the Democracy in the House of Representatives. It is to levy one horizontal ad valorem duty upon all imports, without exception, without favoritism, and without any free list whatever. Neither raw materials of manufacture, nor works of art or education, nor anything else should be admitted free. Taking the imports of 1892 for our standard, one uniform rate of duty of thirty per cent. ad valorem would probably furnish the needful revenue, and would redeem the pledges of the Democracy.

The Protestant Crisis.

Until two years ago a meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly had no interest for the great mass of the public, and not very much for the run of Presbyterians themselves. Its proceedings related to routine business of a perfunctory sort, and of no considerable importance except to the Presbyterian machine itself. In no branch of Protestantism were faith and doctrine more thoroughly settled than in the Church of the Westminster Confession. It was the most conservative of the Protestant family.

Now the Presbyterian Church, more than any other, represents the conflict between faith and infidelity which has been going on in Protestantism for the last ten years, and it is stirred by it more than any other. It is no longer at ease in Zion. It is no longer a solid body of believers, but contains a minority of skeptics who have cut loose from the authority of the Bible, and are all at sea, with no rudder of supernaturalism to guide their course. They are worse off than they themselves understand, yet among them, doubtless, are included many of the brightest intellects in the Presbyterian Church, in its theological seminaries, its pulpits, and its pews. Here in New York a great part of the pecuniary wealth whose possession has always distinguished the Presbyterian membership, seems to be concentrated in their ranks. They have absolute control of the Union Theological Seminary. The pastors of some of the richest and most powerful of the churches of the denomination are on their side. The preponderance of the social influence is in their favor, and they have the sympathy of a strong party in every evangelical Protestant Church at this period of religious revolution. Meantime all agnosticism rejoices at the impetus it is receiving even from the old champion of orthodoxy itself.

Hence the present meeting of the General Assembly at Washington is of universal interest for believers and unbelievers. It has become a great event, the greatest in the whole history of the Presbyterian Church, and of momentous consequence to all Protestantism. The very charter of the Protestant Churches is in dispute, whether it is genuine or spurious. The difference to be settled is too fundamental to be compromised after the usual theological fashion. The attempt to keep both parties to this controversy in the same religious fellowship, without fatal concession on one side or on the other, has been made for two years, and it has proved utterly unavailing. Each is in a false position. They are infinitely further apart than were the Puritan Congregationalists and the school of CHANNING; and any further pretence of holding them together would betray to the world that the Presbyterian Church has lost principle and forfeited its title to public respect. If in the opinion of the majority the BRIGGS party are right, they should control; if they are wrong, they must be cast out. It must be decided whether the Presbyterian Church rests its claims to spiritual authority on the Word of GOD, or on the word of man.

The BRIGGS party declare and perhaps believe that they have constructed a bridge between faith and infidelity over which the Church can pass in comparative safety. They say that the old basis of Biblical belief having been shattered by scientific scholarship, they have builded a new foundation, which will last, at least temporarily; but as that foundation has denial for its corner stone, it has no positive sustaining strength even for ephemeral use. Faith may pass over the bridge into infidelity, but there will be no return current. It is perilous, they say, to rest supernatural religion on the absolute inspiration and infallibility of the Bible, for the scholarship of the world has undermined that foundation and is likely to destroy it altogether. Hence they propose to substitute for it the theory that even if the Bible is not the Word of GOD, the Word of GOD is in the Bible. Where it is true, it is of GOD; where it is false, it is of man. But that distinction would apply equally to any other book, to the Koran, to PLATO, and to all the writings of theologians and philosophers. If only the truth in the Bible, apart from its errors, makes it the Bible, the truth in every religious work is the Bible. They stand together. Of course, that is not the doctrine of faith; it is the teaching of infidelity. Every infidel will agree to it. Col. INGERSOLL and Prof. HUXLEY would be eligible for membership in a religious association with such a guiding principle. All that they contend for is that the Bible shall be subjected to the same criticism that is applied to human productions generally. They reject only the theory that the Bible is peculiarly Divine and hence obligatory on men. If they are allowed to believe as much as they please, and to cast out the rest as incredible, they will be satisfied.

In the wild effort to save themselves from shipwreck, the BRIGGS party are steering the Presbyterian Church on the breakers. They are trying to reconcile radical inconsistency. Really they have given up faith in the supernatural basis of Christianity, but they have not yet become honest enough with themselves to confess to themselves that they are in such a strait. They are on the road over which all men pass on their way to agnosticism. They have turned their backs on the faith, which is the only foundation of the Presbyterian Church and of all orthodox Protestantism. The beginning of Protestant infidelity is always the rejection of the infallible authority of the Bible. Starting there, honest and consistent men are sure to become recruits for the agnostic army.

It is obvious, then, that the BRIGGS party, in the interest of their own self-respect, should leave the Presbyterian Church if they cannot bring it to their way of thinking. If they are a living body tied to a corpse, as one of them has said, they must break the mortifying fetters. If they are restrained by the association from following the lead of their consciences and convictions, they are made spiritually dead themselves. As it has been evident from the first that they are in a hopeless minority, they ought to have emancipated themselves from the bondage long ago. They no more belong where they are than do the extreme modern school of Unitarians. The disruption of the Presbyterian Church is not to come; it has come already. The disintegrating forces have been at work for ten years, and unity has been a mere appearance, a discreditable fiction only.

What will the BRIGGS party do when their leader has been driven from the Presbyterian Church? Will they have the courage of their convictions and follow him into exile, or will they remain and sell their birthright for a mess of pottage? The conservative majority deserve and commands respect for their adherence to principle; but how will it be with the radicals? Is it not probable that the positive conviction of the General Assembly will force them into timid submission? The more resolute the conservative majority are in enforcing their principles and convictions, the more likely they are to preserve the outward unity of the Church. Before such a demonstration many of the disorganized mutineers will quail, for what flag have they except the standard of Presbyterianism? Will they dare to bolt outright, and attempt to make of their negation the soul of a new body?

The Proposed Poet Laureate.

It was scarcely possible to believe the rumor that Mr. GLADSTONE had offered the post of Poet Laureate to Mr. JOHN RUSKIN, and the later report that the honor is to be conferred on Mr. LEWIS MORRIS is much more credible—not because, in the judgment of intelligent readers of poetry, Mr. LEWIS MORRIS is the foremost among living English poets, but because those who would be generally acknowledged his superiors are debarred by circumstances from figuring in the list of candidates or from accepting the place if it were tendered. Mr. SWINBURNE is shut out from any official appointment, not for having reviled Mr. GLADSTONE—the veteran Prime Minister is too large-minded to be swayed by such considerations—but for having publicly advocated the assassination of the Czar. Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS, who, it is said, might have been Laureate had he so chosen, could not, as a Socialist, discharge with any show of consistency the adulatory functions incident to the office. We suppose, therefore, that no one will complain if, after a decent interval, the laurel "greener from the brows" of TENNYSON is transmitted to one who was a zealous student, or, as some might say, a slavish imitator of the finest poet of the Victorian age.

SWINBURNE and the two MORRISES are all Oxford men, and their careers at the university were nearly contemporaneous, being comprised within the sixth decade of the century. Of the three, LEWIS MORRIS attained the most academical distinction, having graduated as a first class in classics and as Chancellor's prize man, whereas no honors of the kind are credited to WILLIAM MORRIS, and SWINBURNE left the university without taking a degree. The conditions of their subsequent lives have been quite different. SWINBURNE has had no regular occupation, unless verse making be one; WILLIAM MORRIS, after failing as a painter, adopted, and has steadily pursued, the calling of a designer and manufacturer of decorative articles; LEWIS MORRIS became a barrister, and continued to practise his profession until 1880, when he accepted a Government appointment. The first of the three to come forward as a poet was WILLIAM MORRIS, who, in 1858, published the "Defence of Guenevere," a rejoinder to TENNYSON's well-known idyl. It was not until nine years afterward that "The Life and Death of Jason" was brought out, followed the next year by the first volume of "The Earthly Paradise." Meanwhile to SWINBURNE, who, in 1861, had made an ineffectual effort to command attention, the "Atalanta in Calydon," published in 1864, had brought a sunburst of fame, which was only temporarily obscured by the "Poems and Ballads," which appeared two years later.

It will thus be seen that WILLIAM MORRIS and SWINBURNE had already made a deep impression on the minds of their countrymen, when, in 1871-75, appeared the three volumes of "Songs of Two Worlds," presently followed by the three books of "The Epic of Hades." These poems were attributed on the title page to "A New Writer," and, although these and other works ran through many editions, they continued to be published anonymously for many years. When the author's name was disclosed, it turned out to be that of Mr. LEWIS MORRIS, the conveyancing barrister and Liberal politician. It had been noticed that the "New Writer" had seldom missed an opportunity of displaying a sturdy patriotism which commended him to the English people and a fervent loyalty well calculated to please his sovereign. On the celebration in 1887 of the fiftieth anniversary of her Majesty's coronation, he wrote an ode "On the Queen's Jubilee," for which he received a medal from the Queen, and this year he was officially requested to write the ode "On the Opening of the Imperial Institute." There is no doubt that he is *persona grata* to her Majesty, and it must be admitted that the functions of Poet Laureate were primarily, and are still ostensibly, inconsistent with republican opinions.

As regards the place of LEWIS MORRIS in Victorian literature, it is of course a secondary one. He is perhaps the most skilful of TENNYSON's undisguised disciples, though it was probably he whom his master had in mind when, speaking of the studious reproducers of his manner, he said, "All can raise the flowers now, for all have got the seed." Unquestionably Mr. MORRIS's style is a reflection of TENNYSON's, but it is a pale reflection; we look in vain for the color, the blood, the force of the original. His use of words suggests care and neatness rather than the exquisite felicity of the elder poet which gave the aspect of spontaneity to the outcome of the most painstaking art. In respect of rhythm, cadence, assonance, and everything pertaining to the music of verse, he is as much inferior to SWINBURNE as he is to TENNYSON in literary finish and approach to perfection of phrase. Passing from the form to the substance of his work—the breadth and elevation of his thought and his power of arousing emotion—we see even less ground to place him much above mediocrity. We do not think it fair to call him, as some of his enemies have done, an improved TUPPER; but it must be owned that, compared with BROWNING and TENNYSON, his ideas seem commonplace and his control of the feelings intermittent and weak. Sometimes he pleases, but he cannot enchant; occasionally he may touch us, but he has never wrung the heart. No school of commentators will ever be organized to interpret him; his meaning lies on the surface; he who runs may read, which explains, perhaps, the large demand for his writings at the railway stalls. Popular he is, but whether he has gained access to MILTON's "fit audience, though few," is a question about which he may feel misgivings.

After all, nobody would assume preëminent gifts to be needed for the post of Poet Laureate had not the last two occupants of the office been WORDSWORTH and TENNYSON. There were much greater poets living in England than SOUTHEY when he held the place; and LEWIS MORRIS is undoubtedly superior to most of the English verse makers who have been deemed worthy of the laurel in the last two and a half centuries.

The Luck of Ny Look.

The peculiar result of the first arrest made under the GEARY law is likely, for the average Chinaman, to rob that statute of a good part of its terrors. And Secretary CARLISLE's recent letter may even confirm the feeling of security among Chinese laborers who come here lawfully, even if they are now without certificates.

The diminutive Mongolian who was taken before Judge LACOMBE on Wednesday for the offence of being without a certificate of residence, is practically as free to-day as any other resident of Pell street. It is true that the Judge ordered that he should be deported from the United States, but this command was to be executed only at an indefinite future time and on a mere contingency. The text of the decision was that "the said NY LOOK be and he is hereby discharged from the custody of said Marshal and ordered to be deported from the United States whenever provision for such deportation be made by the proper authorities."

There are several points about this affair that are very suggestive. The Judge was compelled to order the deportation of NY LOOK, as the statute is mandatory in that particular. Section 6 of the GEARY law says that any Chinese laborer who has failed to take out his certificate within a year after the passage of the act, may be arrested by any one of certain officials, "and taken before a United States Judge, whose duty it shall be to order that he be deported from the United States," unless he can give a prescribed excuse for being without the certificate. No such excuse was offered for NY LOOK, so that the order for his deportation was imperative; yet not only was no person specified for executing this order, the law being wholly vague in that particular, but NY LOOK is to be sent away only when the proper authority makes provision for the purpose, and meanwhile he is out of Marshal JACOBUS's custody and goes free.

A previous section of the act makes any Chinaman found to be unlawfully within the United States liable also to one year's imprisonment; but no attempt was made to hold NY LOOK under that section, or to hold him at all. Hence one might fairly say that as the recent case in Washington was brought to test the constitutionality of the law, so that of NY LOOK was brought to test its working practicability.

In fact, despite Mr. CHOATE's humorous supposition, answering Judge LACOMBE's inquiry as to how NY LOOK came to be there, that "the Marshal was walking along the street, and, finding him without a certificate, arrested him," we may surmise that NY LOOK was delivered up through the agency of his own friends. Such an object lesson would teach any Chinamen, fearing to be found on the street, how little they really had to apprehend, provided they came here lawfully. For ways that are dark the heathen Chinee is peculiar.

A Clergyman on Candy.

The pastor of the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church on Jersey City Heights is the Rev. M. L. GATES. This gentleman took occasion on Sunday last to warn his congregation against permitting their children to eat candy. He declared that thousands of little children die annually from what he called confectionery diseases, and he advocated a new inscription upon the banner of all Prohibitionists in these words: "Abstinence from Rum, Tobacco, and Candy."

This worthy minister subsequently told a representative of THE SUN that he regarded the candy shop as responsible for more deaths than any other source of dissipation except the rum shop. He expressed his intention of "going further into the subject," in accordance with the wish of his parishioners, and hoped that other ministers and the newspapers would help him in his attack upon the candy habit.

We would suggest to the reverend gentleman, however, that it is very important to be right before you go ahead too far in such a matter.

One of the greatest philosophers who have lived in the nineteenth century is Mr. HERBERT SPENCER. The first of his writings to attract general attention was his little book on education, which originally appeared in this country more than thirty years ago, and ranks as a classic in the branch of literature to which it belongs. In this work the eminent author has something to say on the liking of children for sweet food; and a perusal of his remarks on this subject may lead intelligent people to accept the views of the Jersey City clergyman with some degree of qualification:

> "Consider the ordinary tastes and the ordinary treatment of children. The love of sweets is conspicuous and almost universal among them. Probably ninety-nine people in a hundred presume that there is nothing more in this than gratification of the palate, and that, in common with other sensual desires, it should be discouraged. The physiologist, however, whose discoveries lead him to an ever-increasing reverence for the arrangements of things, will suspect that there is something more in this love for sweets than the current hypothesis supposes; and a little inquiry confirms the suspicion. Any work on organic chemistry shows that sugar plays an important part in the vital processes. Both saccharine and fatty matters are eventually oxidized in the body, and there is an accompanying evolution of heat. Sugar is the form to which sundry other compounds have to be reduced before they are available as heat-making food; and this formation of sugar is carried on in the body. Not only is starch changed into sugar in the course of digestion, but it has been proved by M. CLAUDE BERNARD that the liver is a factory in which other constituents of food are transformed into sugar. Now, when to the fact that children have a marked desire for this valuable heat-food, we join the fact that they have usually a marked dislike to that food which gives out the greatest amount of heat during its oxidization (namely, fat), we shall see strong reason for thinking that excess of the one compensates for defect of the other—that the organism demands more sugar because it cannot deal with much fat."

From these and other facts Mr. SPENCER concludes not only that the reasons for trusting the appetites of children are very strong, but that those appetites furnish a guidance much more worthy of confidence than ordinary parental wisdom.

We are inclined to think that the country is in quite as much danger from intemperance in pulpit oratory as it is from intemperance in eating candy.

> And now it is the good Dr. GUNSAULUS who is in trouble, all because of some thoughtless and unkind remarks about reporters. He is sorry enough now that he said anything, and he won't do it again.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Chicago reporter who would bother the Rev. Dr. GUNSAULUS, ought to be shot on the spot. A clergyman who can write poems like EUGENE FIELD deserves nothing but honor and applause.

One of the most competent journalists of the day is Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P., the present editor of the *Weekly Sun*, in London, a valuable and most entertaining publication. He was formerly the editor and proprietor of the *Star*, a successful evening paper, which he sold in 1890, agreeing that he would not undertake a new evening paper for three years. The limitation expires at the end of June, and he now gives notice that he will then bring out the *Sun*, a radical and reforming evening journal, at half a penny. We do not doubt the value of this new enterprise, and we cordially wish for Mr. O'CONNOR all the success he can desire.

The inscriptions upon the monument erected at Crawfordsville, Ga., in memory of the late ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS are not in the best taste. They are too elaborate; they are not in happy phrase; they are too full of biographical details; the wording of them is not neat. STEPHENS was a man of critical mind.

When the owners of houses fail to respect the orders issued by the Board of Health, it is to their loss. The landlords of twenty or twenty-one tenements in Mulberry, Hester, Essex, and other streets have learned this week that the Board possesses the power to punish them severely for disregarding the health laws of the city. It has given orders that the tenements in question must be vacated at once, and must not be reopened until they are put in better sanitary condition. This is hard on the landlords. No tenants, no rents; and then extra expenses must be incurred with no relief from taxes.

Serves them right. We have not a particle of sympathy for them. It is men like them who are responsible for the heavy death rate in the tenement quarters of the city. Let the Board of Health hold them to their responsibility, exercise its full powers, and go on with the good work, to the saving of human life, to the amelioration of human suffering, to the benefit of the public health.

We call the attention of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction to the fact that the hospital ambulance service carried on through its agency stands in need of improvement. Promptitude and assurance are of the utmost importance in this service.

Here is an interesting communication which we received yesterday from our Scandinavian friends in Brooklyn:

> TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The Brooklyn committee for the reception of the Norwegian Viking ship takes the liberty to suggest that the press take some action in regard to the arrival of said vessel. Capt. ANDERSON, its commander, who also was the originator of the idea of reproducing a viking ship and exhibiting it at the World's Fair, is a journalist, and any attention paid him by the members of the press would be a fitting recognition of the pluck and enterprise of one of their own profession.
>
> The Viking left Bergen, Norway, April 30, was reported at Fair Isle, May 11, and is expected to arrive at Newport in the latter part of June.
>
> Hoping that the matter will receive your approval, I remain, for the committee, yours respectfully,
>
> C. ULLENESS, Secretary.

All newspaper men will learn with satisfaction that the commander of the Viking is a journalist as well as a navigator, and we have no doubt that he will receive a most cheering and well-deserved welcome when he arrives in this country; and we dare say the suggestion of the committee may be adopted and carried out by the journalists of New York and Brooklyn.

A union laborer, a lather, of Savannah, who consented to work for a lower rate of wages than that prescribed by his association, has been taken out by his fellow unionists, all colored men, and whipped with laths. The unfortunate wretch promised not to commit such an offence again; but suppose that from one reason or another he should again make his own terms for selling his labor, what would the penalty be? Would they cut his throat?

This breach of union rules has been paralleled in Wall street affairs. Every man who labors in that vineyard joins a union, or a pool, with certain agreements between the members. They will all promise, for example, not to sell the shares of stock they own individually in the same company below a stated price. It sometimes happens that some one of the combination violates the agreement and sells his stock. How would it be if his enraged colleagues should catch him on the Treasury steps and give him a lashing, or take him to Trinity Church and cast him under the wheels of a cable car? It would be just the same as the act of the Savannah lathers.

The Poverty of Printed Language.

From the Washington Evening Star.

"God will keep up His end of the row if you give Him a chance." That was the language used by Moderator Craig in his sermon Sunday, which had direct reference to the controversies before the General Assembly. As it appears in print the sentence requires an expository note. Whether the word "row" rhymes with "how" or "hoe" becomes an important question.

Is This the Secret of It?

From the Democrat and Chronicle.

In St. Louis one of the strongest supporters of Mr. Cleveland, and a bitter critic of Senator Hill, has been ousted from control of the *St. Louis Republic*. Mr. Charles Jones, the editor, has been turned out by new stockholders who are acting in the interest of ex-Gov. Francis of Missouri. Mr. Jones is credited with using his influence to keep Mr. Francis out of the Cleveland Cabinet.

The Greatness of Chicago.

From the Flaming Sword.

Chicago has demonstrated herself to be the matchless mistress of the world. She will yet be the commercial centre of the world. Chicago will be the admiration and wonder of the world, and from henceforth will stand first among American cities and, therefore, first among the world's cities. Chicago will be the solar and focal point of the universe. She has a wonderful career before her.

Better Than Most Other Reasons.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"Man," said Mr. Wickwire, oracularly, "views woman as a being to be looked up to."

"Is that the reason he lets her stand up when he has a seat in the car?" asked Mrs. Wickwire, and her husband looked disgusted and said not a word.

To the Democratic Party.

A Tariff for Revenue only!
That was your battle cry,
That was the watchword that brought you to triumph;
Are you going to prove it a lie?

A Tariff for Revenue only!
The load from the people's backs
Was to be taken by smashing protection,
Not by laying an income tax.

A Tariff for Revenue only!
Why, a thousand orators jawed
And jabbered, and flayed protection
As an unconstitutional fraud.

A Tariff for Revenue only!
The robbery must cease!
Your voice then was fierce as the roar of lions;
Now do you wrap it in fleece?

A Tariff for Revenue only!
Did you mean it as honest men,
Or give your word only to break it,
Bait for gudgeons bunco again?

A Tariff for Revenue only!
You promised it, stick to your pledge;
It is an ill business monkeying with honor;
Settle up, don't haggle and hedge!

IMPRESSIONS OF FRENCH ART.

The Salons of the Champs Elysees and the Champs de Mars.

PARIS, May 15.—You have heard of the split that divided the Society of French Artists into two camps nearly four years ago. A simple question of procedure in regard to the mode of appointing the jury and the question of finding out if traffic existed, as in past times, in the matter of rewards, such as medals and mentions, constituted the avowed reasons for the division, which were given out to the public. But in reality there was divergence in the æsthetic tendencies of the members, and their differences became apparent in the parallels which ended in the formation of a second Salon.

We find the old Salon fermenting and giving rise to a new rival society, which immediately affirmed its existence by an exhibition of the highest interest. Those who were called the "young ones" founded the National Society of Fine Arts, whose annual exposition was opened on the 9th inst., in the buildings that were used during the Exhibition of 1889 for the section of Fine Arts in the Champ de Mars. But the founders of the new society cannot be called "young" either on account of their age or the celebrity of their names. It will be sufficient to mention the names of Meissonier, who died three years ago while he was President of the society, Carolus-Duran, Bracquemond, and Puvis de Chavannes, the actual President. Perhaps the youngest among the celebrities was Emile Boilvin, the most artistic of our aquafortists, and at the same time the most conscientious among engravers. Moreover, he was decorated and held the medal of honor. But these masters, by their anxious searching for new formulas, by the intensity of their effort, by the spirit of novelty, and by their enthusiasm, belong morally to this age, which makes innovators and utopianists, and at the same time brings out creators and inventors. Around them were grouped a great number of artists animated by the same spirit and the same anxious research. Thus it was that the National Society of Fine Arts was founded.

But can the group of artists who are exhibiting in the Champs de Mars be called national? It is no more national than the one which is exposing in the Champs Elysées is purely French. Both societies count among their members a considerable number of foreigners of all nationalities. The English are numerous among them. Mr. Alma Tadema, after a long absence, is exposing in the Champs Elysées and Mr. Burne-Jones in the Champ de Mars. As for the American artists, they are extremely numerous this year in the Champ de Mars. We have John W. Alexander, Miss Alice Beckington, Paul Wayland Bartlett, Leslie G. Caldwell, Ralph Wormley Curtis, R. Peckham Danielson, William T. Dannat, Edward Ertz, Miss Rosalie Lorraine Gill, Alexander Harrison, Birge Harrison, S. Franck Holman, William Hyde, William Howard Hart, John Humphreys Johnston, Miss Lucy Lee Robbins, Albert P. Lucas, Simons Marcus, Julius Gari Melchers, Thomas Bufford Metgas, Miss Elizabeth Nourse, Frederick L. Pape, William Pendleton, Miss Wimaretta Singer, Julius Rohlshoven, Miss Ruth Sterling, Miss Mary Kempton Trotter, and Richard White.

At an early day I shall send you a special study of the American painters who have exposed in both salons.

As you see, both societies have opened wide their doors to the artists of all countries, considering, very properly, that art, the interpreter of the social ideal, recognizes civilizations and does not recognize nationalities.

If in passing through the galleries of the Champ Elysées we are struck with the prodigious skill of the modern painters, we are also astonished in the Champ de Mars at the diversity of tendencies, the spirit of anxious discovery, and the tendency, not yet clearly defined, toward a new formula, characterizing in general the works of the exposers.

We leave the Champs Elysées with scarcely any impressions. It seems as if all the painters there paint equally well; that they seize every pretext to display a *virtuosité* which rivals nature; and in the presence of the best of these canvases we are neither more nor less moved than we would be in the presence of nature itself. The nude, the still life and these great illustrations which are erroneously called historical paintings, are found there equally impeccable. We leave with the sentiment of profound respect for the technical skill of the exhibition, and with the impression of a sameness in colors which seem to come from the same workshop, and are treated with the same skill, which we have repeatedly seen in passing from hall to hall among the three thousand pictures of the Palais de l'Industrie. We feel scarcely a sensation. The painters exposing there are all too skilful; they know too much to invite the spectator to share an emotion which they no longer feel; and when they are naif, their naiveté is too learned to impress us. They rest with the consciousness of their incomparable talent in execution, and there they sleep somewhat after the fashion of dead men.

Perhaps it was this spectacle that made the exhibitors of the Champ de Mars leave the classic to seek out something else. It may also be the result of that mysterious force which is working everything at the present time, and whose vibrations are shaking the very basis of our old society. For a new social doctrine a new art is necessary, and it seems difficult to deny that we are on the eve of transformations of the first principles which form the base of our modern plutocracy.

The artists have certainly not advanced quite so far, but they have experienced the pain of beings endeavoring to invent. They are the plastic interpreters of human thought, the eternal priests, superb and unconscious of the idea.

Hence those efforts, without any clearly defined direction, which seem at first to thwart each other; that craze for investigation which induces some to seek in the simple transposition of methods the satisfaction of their uneasiness, like M. Waldmann and M. Binot in his "Evening," in which one gives in oil the ashy tones of water colors, and the other endeavors by the same method to reproduce the powder of pastels. Others seek to galvanize dead epochs, to reproduce formulas that another faith and other doctrines inspired, revealing a sort of atavism, or some *souvenir d'éducation*, like M. Frederic in his "Angelic Salutations," his "Vanity of Greatness," and his "Moonlight." Others, without ignoring the advantages of modern technique, seek to point out in dull tones a symphony of colors, in order to bring the eye of the spectator gently to a certain point in the picture.

These oppositions of tone speak the true language of painting, that language whose thought is a tone and whose words are colors, which takes only the alphabet of nature and never copies it servilely. They know how to speak that language like artists. They do not affirm, they suggest; and such is the collaboration that they impose upon the spectator, even by the unfinished in their methods, that they compel him to think like them, and in doing so, to experience, like them, the joys of creation. This is the process of your incomparable Whistler, whose absence this year from the Champ de Mars we regret. It has inspired Mr. John W. Alexander and Mr. M. Gandara with some pretty pages. It is also the method of Ary Renan, the favorite pupil of Puvis de Chavannes, who so skilfully renders the sadness of the coast of his beloved Bretagne; a sweet melancholy, like the recollection of a lost love. Others following the example of the master, Puvis de Chavannes, display still more contempt for pieces of framed nature. For them, also, painting is a language. They associate it with architecture and make an art of it, which, like the latter, becomes a social expression. They write upon the walls of our monuments sentiments and thoughts in colors that have hardly anything more than a cerebral value; and these are the decorative painters! Others who love to hold on to their dreams in unformulated thoughts, and who are afraid to see any realization break the charm in which they lull themselves, paint floating apparitions and pale personages, opening in this way the doors of a fairy castle whose marvels they refuse to show us.

It is the style of M. Carrière that is all the rage this year, and he has found many imitators. Then there are certain gentle souls, who, penetrated with the religious sentiment, that sentiment which is only the affirmation of the solidarity of men, but betrayed by their forces in the course of their own realization, and saddened by the failures by which their virility is enervated, translate their sadness without definite cause and their aspirations without any determined aim in an art very noble, but with an ideality incompletely formulated, in which there seems mixed something like the pain that belongs to carnal pleasures. Their works express the condition of a troubled soul with an undefined idea rather than a thought. They are the mystics. The most remarkable among them is M. Carlos Schwab.

There are also the victims of art criticism and literary methods, whose talent has been explained by some influential literator. They don't deal with colors; they deal with words. A phrase moves them, and they translate it by the scene, by the action itself, of which it speaks, instead of seeking in the harmony of colors an analogous emotion. They make a sort of bastard art, which is neither literature nor painting, which finds its legitimate expression in caricature only; and when they aim to make pictures, they come down to painted illustrations or to riddles.

Then come the crowd of skilful artists, for in this category we have also skilful ones, tricksters, and thinkers without thought, those who fancy that they are great painters because they cover large surfaces and apply to these large surfaces, which are susceptible only of decorative treatment, the methods of easel painting. Apply this to an event of the day, and you will have a certain picture which is merely an illustration *hors d'échelle*. I shall mention no name. This absence of proportion is frequent enough in our modern expositions. The sentiment of the æsthetic qualities of matter seems to be lost. Just as our sculptors use marble or bronze for the same statues, without taking into account the forms that are to be rendered or the scale of the work, or the place for which it is destined, many painters give colossal proportions to simple anecdotes, and others place decorative panels in frames of small dimensions. Matter, whether it be stone, marble, bronze, or color, has its æsthetic qualities, and the first of these qualities, I may almost say necessities, is the dimensions that it imposes. A salt cellar of Benvenuto Cellini executed in marble would be ridiculous, just as would be a Venus of Milo in chocolate. We might well be disappointed if Puvis de Chavannes had painted his "Saint Genevieve Receiving Baptism," which is in the Pantheon, in the dimensions of a Meissonier; and the latter's "Reader" would be lost in any other dimensions than those of a charming *bibelot*.

From these divergences, these attempts, made from personal efforts or recollections, and even from the chaos of tendencies, we get the impression of the existence of a fruitful uneasiness, a feverish germination, in a word, the impression of life.

Who will be the Messiah of the new school of painting? Perhaps some one unconscious of his genius. It is difficult to imagine that the new formula may not find several simultaneous interpreters. Are we, the old people among whom tradition wrestles with the new thoughts that are coming into light, the centre that is apt to give birth to a new art? From this point of view, America would be wrong to believe in any inferiority in art. The daughter of the law of equality from which all modern social movement has sprung, she carries within herself, in her manners and her institutions, the new spirit of the art of to-morrow. Perhaps she will have a great part to play in the first manifestation of this art.

RAYMOND DALY.

REVIEW OF THE PARK POLICE.

President Tappen Addresses the Men About the Colors Presented by George Gould.

The annual parade and review of the Park police took place yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. The entire force, numbering 275 men, assembled at the arsenal at 9 o'clock. President Tappen of the Park Board and Capt. G. C. Collins appeared shortly after. The police were drawn up in four companies, under command of Sergeants Flock, Ferris, Mulholland, and England. Policemen Horan, Kline, Dwyer, and Smith then brought forward the new set of colors presented to the police by George J. Gould. They consisted of the American flag, the city flag, and two blue silk markers, with the words "Park Police" on them. President Tappen then addressed the police. He said:

"I call your attention to these splendid colors, the gift of a generous man. They are symbolic of all that is true of America and dear to Americans, liberty, prosperity, and happiness. With the most beautiful Park in the world, with the finest body of men to protect it and its frequenters, it is but fitting that these glorious colors should be yours. You are to preserve them, to defend them, and at all times to exhibit them in your parades and reviews."

As President Tappen ceased speaking the band struck up "Hail, Columbia!" the police saluted the colors, and the line of march to the reviewing stand on the Mall began. The bright weather brought out a great crowd of people. The temporary grand stand, which was erected opposite the goat stand, was draped in flags and hidden in colors. In the reviewing stand were Mayor Gilroy, President Tappen, Park Commissioner Clausen, Register Levy, Henry Cram, Thomas F. Gilroy, Jr., and Secretary Burns. The police marched past the stand in the order of line that they took at the arsenal. The mounted squads, under Sergeant McGlynn, joined them just before they reached the stand. The men halted after passing the stand. Their line stretched almost the entire length of the Mall. Capt. Collins ordered them to prepare for review. President Tappen and Capt. Collins, and Mayor Gilroy and Commissioner Clausen then walked up and down the line. The Mayor was greeted with great cheering. As they returned to the stand the band played the "Washington Post March," and the police marched down the Mall and across the west drive, where Mr. George J. Gould and his family reviewed them from a victoria.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S STATE BARS.

Petitions for Official Barkeepers Must Soon be Signed and Presented.

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 25.—The County Whiskey Board met here to-day and elected W. G. Whaley Chairman. A form of petition was adopted for the appointment of State barkeepers. The Board decided that these petitions must be sent in before June 5. The Board also decided that each petition must be signed by a majority of the freehold voters of the city. The total number of these voters here is something over 1,500, so that in order that a State bar be established here the petition must be signed by 750 voters. This makes it reasonably certain that Charleston will either go dry on and after July 1 or will depend on the blind tiger for its toddy.

A Lusty Pennsylvania Family.

MEYENDALE, Pa., May 24.—In 1829 John Sayler built a house on his farm on Sayler Hill, near this village, got married and moved into it with his bride. He raised a family of eight children in the house, all of whom are still living. Then he and his wife handed the farm over to their son John L. Sayler. John L. raised a family of eight children on the old homestead and retired from active life in favor of his son William. William has become the father of eight children on the farm, and a few days ago occurred the first death that has broken this remarkable family circle. This was the death of William Sayler's wife, the death in sixty-four years in a family which now numbers seventy-eight.

Minister Risley's Alabama Claims Suit.

A lis penditus has been placed on some property in Brooklyn owned by John E. Risley, United States Minister to Denmark, in the suit of John M. Spencer. The suit grew out of the collection of James C. Jewett's $2,088,000 Alabama claim, which Mr. Risley was employed to collect. Mr. Risley had as his associates in the matter the late Senator McDonald and his partner, Mr. Butler. After Senator McDonald's death it was found, as alleged, that Mr. Risley had not paid him the fee agreed upon, and Mr. Butler, as the surviving partner, assigned his claim to Mr. Spencer, who is now suing for an accounting.

To Condemn Land for the Speedway.

George C. Coffin, Matthew Chalmers, and Henry Hughes were appointed a Commission by Justice Andrews of the Supreme Court yesterday to condemn land for the Harlem River Speedway. They were appointed on motion of the Corporation Counsel at the request of the Department of Parks.